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# The Child of the Night



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## Chapter 1 by Brianna Skye Rainer

Once a pond a time there was a princess she was a The Child of the Night her name was Moon she was Fearless, Strong, and in Love but the person she was in love with was the prince of the day or as others say The Child of the Day he was strong, brave, and a Lover Boy. "I can't tell him I like" Moon said "Why not" her servant said "Because if I told him what would he think"

## Chapter 2 by Nivriti Agaram



My servant said,"Poohey!" He is Prince of the day, a lover boy. If he finds out a fair maiden such as yourself loves him, he'll be begging for your hand in marriage.

"Whoa there. First of all, many other maidens like him. (well that's my guess) Secondly, I'm not looking for a groom right away!"

## Chapter 3 by Phantim



She looked down at her pale white skin. Cold like ice. Then she thought of him, Radiant with life and warmth, his gentle golden tan and curly blonde hair. In so many ways they were opposites. Still, she thought of his smooth warm hands running over her skin and a shiver ran down her spine. She started to hum and sing looking out the window. Imagining their life together. She

had completely forgotten her servant was even in the room.

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She wondered what would it like to kiss his lips. After all those books she'd read, she imagined them to be warm and soft. Just imagining it made her stomach flutter.

'Uh, Princess, are you cold?' The servant asked, interrupted her thoughts.

Moon looked at him. 'Why would you think so?'

'Your face is bright red, princess.' Then she realized her face was boiling. She might even be able to cook an egg on it.

'It's nothing.' Moon said, hiding her embarrassment.

She touched her face. The heat burned her icy fingers. She had never been so warm. She had never felt warmth, either.

'Princess?'

'Hmm?' Moon answered.

'Are you thinking of the Child of the Day?'

If she's drinking her tea now, she would've spit them all out.

'W-what?! No. No, of course not. Why would I?' She stuttered. Her face redder than just now.

Despite her efforts, the servant just waved at her. 'I know, I know. You're thinking about having sex with him, right?'

This made her whole body burn in embarrassment. She wanted to dig a hole and hide her face just like a ostrich would!

'It's okay.' The servant said abruptly, his face serious. 'It's the first time you experience love. Almost everyone thought of that.' He smiled like some silly memory had occurred to him.

Moon smiled faintly. No one had ever made her smiled before.

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